RUTGERS UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Devoted to Masonry, Literature, and Useful Knowledge.

BY L. G. HOFFMAN.] ALBANY SATURDAY NOV. 19, 1842. [VOL. IV.—NO. 12.

MASONIC.

FOREIGN MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

[CONDENSED FOR THE MASONIC REGISTER.]

Ireland.

Dublin, Feb. 3.—Grand Lodge.—His Royal Highness, the Duke of Sussex, Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of England has been pleased to nominate and appoint Brother Godfrey Brereton, of Lodge No. 2, as his Representative to the Grand Lodge of Ireland, that Brother was received by the Right Worshipful the Deputy Grand Master and Brethren of Grand Lodge of Ireland, and after having gone through the usual ceremonial in all due form, took his seat in the Grand Lodge, with the rank of Past Senior Grand Warden.

St. Patrick's Lodge, No. 50, assembled on the third Thursday in January, and installed as Master, Bros. Captain Blake Knox; Captain Nassau Stephens S. W.; H. J. Brownrigg, Esq. J. W.; Henry Halliday, M. D., S. D.; the Rev. R. H. Walt, D. D., Chaplain.

Dundalk, Dec. 27.—The Members of that old and respected Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, 384, dined together in their Lodge-rooms, Barrack-street. The rooms were splendidly decorated in every way emblematic of the interesting occasion. The company separated at half-past ten o'clock, after an evening's enjoyment that will be long cherished in recollection by the Brethren of 384.

Kilkenny, Dec. 27.—The beautiful and impressive ritual which imparts so deep an interest to the Masonic Festival of St. John, amongst the Members of the Craft, was observed in solemn form, and with regard to the prescribed services of the Ordinance, by the assembled Brethren of our Kilkenny Lodge, 642, on Monday last, at the rooms of that respectable and efficient body.

Caledon.—The Phœnix Lodge 210, met at the Caledon Arms to celebrate St. John's Festival; and after installing Bro. John M'Kenstry as Warden.—The evening was passed in social harmony.

Limerick, Dec. 27.—The Masonic Fraternity of this city met on Monday, to instal Officers and celebrate the Festival of St. John, according to ancient usage. Deputations from Lodges 13 and 271 exchanged the most Fraternal assurances of love and esteem.

The Masonic Ball.—We informed our fair readers some time since, that the Brethren of Lodge, No. 14, had resolved to give them a full dress and fancy ball on a scale of unsual splendour, and it now affords us infinite pleasure to state a circumstance connected with that object, which will give joy to the benevolent heart, that charity has been united with pleasure in the plan for the latter, which it cannot fail to enhance and hallow. At a meeting of Lodge 13, on Saturday, it was represented to the Fraternity, that six helpless Orphans, the children of deceased Brothers, were in a most destitute situation in the city of Limerick, and that the Lodge could not, consistently with Masonic principles, expend a considerable sum upon a few hours amusement, whilst the children of their Brethren were in need, and suggested the propriety of making the ball the means of affording instant relief to the wants of these poor children; and submitted that their guests would enjoy a greater measure of amusement if allowed to contribute, even in a small degree, to a work of mercy and of love.

The Lodge simultaneously adopted the suggestion, and, after passing a resolution, binding itself to the permanent, as well as instant support of the helpless beings referred to, it appointed Committees to carry out the combined objects of the proposition, at whose disposal a handsome sum was placed.

The following observations from the *Limerick Chronicle* will be read with much interest:—"We have heard with no little surprise, that the approaching Masonic and Full Dress Ball was, on Sunday last, made the subject of an indirect commentary at one of the Roman Catholic chapels in this city. When we consider that the proceeds of this entertainment are to be devoted to objects of charity, and to the support of a class of the community who must be considered as having a paramount claim on our sympathy and relief, namely, Female Orphans, it seems strange indeed, why so laudable an effort, and one which we do not hesitate to assert, is creditable in the highest degree to those honourable and high-minded men who have originated it, should be held up as unworthy the countenance or support of members of the Roman Catholic persuasion, who might be expected to take part in an entertainment for the benefit of some of their own persuasion; and we feel assured that the interests of the charity will not suffer from the animadversions of the Rev. gentleman, for we happen to know, that many of his auditors expressed their surprise and regret at the bad taste, and worse charity, which promoted such an attack against the Masonic Fraternity. The reason assigned for the introduction of the subject, was the necessity of maintaining the discipline of the Church, grounded on a bull of the Pope, in 1738, which declared '*that no Catholic could be absolved from the sin of being a Freemason, unless by special permission from his Holiness.*' If, when superstitious practices were at their height in foreign countries, such measures were deemed necessary, the intelligence and enlightenment of the present day should be a sufficient ground for discarding such absurdities, for it is well understood that a more peaceable, loyal, or moral body, do not exist in the country, than the order of Freemasons, in whose company crowned heads delight to associate all over the world. Possibly, the Rev. gentleman was ignorant of the fact of the late Right Rev. Charles Tuohy, Roman Catholic Bishop of this diocese, having been a free and accepted Mason—a more amiable, pious and worthy pastor, never guarded a flock—a better man and a more faithful subject did not exist. The key-stone of Masonry is universal charity and love, the frequent injunction of the Divine Founder of Christianity, upon whose glorious precepts the Masonic system is based, for the amelioration of mankind in all that is beautiful and exemplary in morals and religion. 'Love one another,' is the primary principle both in and out of Lodge. In fine, a good Mason cannot be other than a good man, and a good Christian in every walk of life."

"It is understood that the Roman Catholic Bishop of this diocese has it in consideration to write to Rome for a relaxation of the spiritual penalties attaching to such of that communion as attend Masonic Lodges; the cause, if any, of the antiquated and absurb prejudices against the Order no longer existing."

Belfast.—The Lodge of Concord, No. 40, has continued during the last twelve months to sustain the promise given by it in the first year of its existence, of imparting a wholesome impetus to Masonic spirit, and setting a good example of Masonic practice in this part of Ireland. Its members are increasing every month, and no pains are spared by its Governors to make those Brethren who join it well acquainted with the principles and usages of the society.

While the business of Craft Masonry has been prosecuted in the Lodge with zeal and intelligence, the attention of its rulers have also been directed to the higher degrees of the Order. Although not yet two years in existence, the Lodge has in connection with it already a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, and an Encampment of Knights' Templars, both in good working order. Companions have already been added to the Chapter, and another meeting is expected to take place shortly.

The first accession to the numbers of the Encampment was made by the admission of the Rev. Frederick W. Mant into the Order of the Temple, when he received knighthood from the E. C., and was invested and installed according to chivalric usages. Another meeting of this Encampment may be expected to take place about Easter, as there several candidates for admission; and a plan is in contemplation to concentrate the strength of the Soldiers of the Cross in this part of the country, by an union, under one banner and Commander, of the Brethren, composing the Encampments 40 Belfast, and 154, Lisburn. Such an union may be expected to result in the establishment, on a firm footing of one of the best appointed and most effective Commanderies of the Temple in Ireland.

Cork.—Grand Fancy and Dress Ball, at the Imperial Clarence Rooms. Feb. 3.—This ball, for the benefit of the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum, came off at the above rooms, and by those who remember the former annual balls in favour of this Charity, it has been pronounced as one of the most agreeable and successful. For its success, it will be quite sufficient to mention that nearly 600 persons were present: the whole appearance of the fine room was beautiful and imposing. The walls were hung on all sides with banners, transparencies and devices, emblematic of the Craft of Masonry; while the chair or throne of the Deputy Grand Master, the pillars, &c., were placed at the upper part of the room.

[CIRCULAR.]

The Master, Wardens and Brethren of the First Lodge of Ireland, return their best thanks to the Patrons, Ladies Patronesses, Stewards, and Committee of Management, for their co-operation in forwarding the objects for which the honour of their support was solicited, and by which the sum of £155, 19*s*. 7*d*., has been raised in aid of the funds of the Masonic Female Orphan Asylum.

To the Nobility, Gentry, Officers of the Garrison and Members of the Craft, for their attendance and donations, and to Lieutenant-Colonel Clark Kenedy, K. H., and the Officers of the 7th (Prince Royal's) Dragoon Guards, for their ready compliance in granting the services of the efficient band of their distinguished regiment.

Lodge Rooms, Imperial Hotel, 8th Feb. 1842.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Dec. 24.—The anxiously expected reunion of the Rite Ecossais and Grand Orient took place this day, when, for the first time, the two Grand Lodges met to exchange the fraternal bond; and most devoutly, it is to be hoped, this meeting has so laid the foundation stone of Brotherly love, relief and truth, that it shall last for all ages. That indefatigable and intelligent Mason Brother D. Rosenburgh has thus far been successful in the great object of his laudable ambition, and has merited the approbation and gratitude of the Brethren of both Societies; and as some reward for unceasing labour, we would be delighted to record some general acknowledgment from each section of French Masons, of his instrumentality in thus effecting an object that promises to be happily blended into a united fraternity.

It is reported, that a Prince of the blood royal is about to be received into the bosom of Masonry, probably with a view to his assuming the Grand Mastership of the Union.

INDIA.

Calcutta.—Jan. 17.—It will be gratifying to our Brethren in the mother country to know, that we continue in a healthy maturity of action.

We are likely to lose Sir Edward Ryan, who will carry with him the lasting good wishes of a grateful Anglo-Indian Fraternity, that have profited equally by the courteousness of his manner, his unpretending yet liberal charity, and by his dignified support of Masonic principle. With a refined mind and a delicacy of sentiment, he has so engrafted himself in the hearts of all classes, that while we shall regret the absence of the Brother, society will miss a gentleman, to whom it is much indebted, and the presidency is left to hope that their future chief justice may prove the counterpart of Sir Edward Ryan. A public festival was held on the 4th instant in honour of this distinguished guest, to which he was invited.

Star in the East.—This Lodge eminently maintains its character for unceasing charity. An election (the first for twenty years) for a successor to Bro. Blacquiere will shortly take place. Lord Combermere was initiated in this Lodge.

Industry and Perseverance.—Bro. Burlton has the proud honour of succeeding Sir Edward Ryan as Master, who on his retirement has been presented with a Past Master's medal (gold), of elegant workmanship.

St. John's Lodge, under the able arrangements of Bro. H. W. Torrens, has taken a leading interest among the Indian Lodges. A handsome gold medal is to be presented to him. Bro. R. Livenhal is his probable successor, and is a Mason of great promise.

True Friendship.—Bro. A. H. E. Boileau has been elected to the Master's chair. Zeal and assiduity, liberality and benevolence, united in the same Brother, are promising qualities in the Master.

Chapter of Hope.—Dec. 14.—Bros. Boileau, Clark, Fergusson, Buckland, Hampton, Mackenzie, Ward, and Watts, were exalted in the presence of about 40 Companions. The decoration of the Chapter is gorgeous, the floor covered with scarlet cloth, a blaze of above one hundred lights imparted great brilliance. Companion A. Grant has achieved high credit by his taste.

Alms' House.—Dec. 18.—The foundation stone of the Alms' House, in Amherst Street, was laid with Masonic honours, by the Grand Master of Bengal, and the Brethren of the Fraternity, at 4 o'clock.—There was a large audience present, among whom was the Lord Bishop and several other distinguished gentlemen.

St. John's Day.—Dec. 27.—The Grand Lodge and the Calcutta Lodges went in procession to the cathedral; after divine service a sermon was preached by the bishop, and collection made in aid of the Alms' House Fund, which amounted to £100. In the evening there was a general banquet, at which the bishop the archdeacon and the bishop's chaplain were present; it was a glorious sight to see the bishop on the right and the chief justice on the left of our respected Grand Master. Was ever such a delightful scene witnessed in England itself? About one hundred Brethren sat down to dinner.

Three years ago, and could such an event have been believed possible?

Our paraphernalia was brought into display. The canopy over the chair of the Grand Master was of purple velvet and gold lace, lined with the richest China silk—in the centre the irradiated EYE. Transparencies by Brother Townsend, representing "Faith, Hope and Charity," and another the "Master's Carpet," were brilliantly illuminated. The effect was magical. After the customary toasts, the Grand Master proposed, in a very effective manner, "the health of the Lord Bishop of Calcutta;" to which that estimable prelate replied in an address of Christian fervour and of cheerfulness, that deeply gratified the company; after this, he with much good humour intimated, that as a non-Mason he would not longer delay their indulgence in mysteries he might not be permitted to share. His lordship was listend to with great attention and much cheered. The Grand Master then proposed "the health of the Chief Justice, Sir Edward Ryan," upon whose merits as a judge and a Freemason, he descanted with considerable power of ornate language and truthful sincerity; adverting to the loss the whole population of India were about to sustain, by his return to the home of his forefathers, after so many years passed honourably in India. The enthusiasm that greeted Sir Edward on his rising to reply is not to be described. He felt it intensely, and alluded to the several points of Dr. Grant's speech in a most feeling manner; and concluded an address that won sympathy from all hearts by proposing, midst loud and reiterated cheers, "the health of the Grand Master;" stating, that the sincerity of that "Good Mason's heart" defied all eulogy; for men spoke of him as a Brother they truly loved.

Our accounts from the provinces are anything but satisfactory. The mind is so engaged by the contemplation of the distressing and melancholy catastrophe at Cabool, as to paralyse other considerations. Politics are not Masonry, and yet they must sometimes be attended to. The expedition of Affghanistan has cost us many brave and valued officers and men, many of them Brethren of the Craft.—Our treasure is drained, and, what is worse, murder—for it is nothing less—has been perpetrated *in Durbar, at a conference!* Durbar is a sacred precinct, and the annals of India, however stained on any occasion by bloodshed, present no instance of such dreadful pollution.

MISCELLANY.

Romantic Story.

The following is related by the Memorial de Rouen which affirms its truth and correctness in every particular:—"Seventeen years ago, there were living at Rohen two young persons who, from having been brought up together, formed a strong attachment to each other. The young man on coming of age demanded the hand of his sweetheart; but as he was without fortune, and the young lady's father was rich, a peremptory refusal was given. The lovers were thrown into dispair, but the young man having heard that large fortunes were to be made in the New World, determined to make the venture. Communicating his hopes to the object of his affection, she consented to his departure, and they took leave of each other with mutual vows of fidelity, and interchanges of pledges, consisting of rings and locks of their hair. About six months ago the young man returned with property to an amount which he conceived would be more than sufficient to soften the obduracy of the parent of his affianced bride, and dreaming of nothing but love and everlasting happiness,

Alas! the first news he learnt on landing was that she, on whose fidelity he had relied, and for whose sake he had for seventeen years endured a life of unceasing labor and anxiety, had broken her plighted troth, and had become the mother of children by another man. He at once became silent and sombre, except that at times in low and mournful accents he would relate to a friend the circumstances of his life and his bitter disappointment. He carefully avoided meeting the female in question, but would constantly pass the night under her window, being not unfrequently driven away by the patrol, as a drunkard or a man with evil designs. At length, on the 10th inst. his neighbors hearing a noise in his chamber, as from the falling of some heavy weight, entered and found him dead; his countenance exhibiting a horrid spectacle from strangulation, which he had effected by drawing his cravat tight round his throat. When stripped, a ring and lock of hair were discovered close to his heart, being suspended from his neck."

The Roman Catholic Church.

There is not, and there never was on this earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic church. The history of that church joins together the the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, and when tame leopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but

yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon, in the 19th century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eigth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the republic of Venice was modern when compared with the papacy; and the republic of Venice is gone, and the papacy remains. The papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique; but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world, missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustine; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila.—The number of her children is greater than in former ages. Her acquisitions in the new world have more than compensated her for what she has lost in the old. Her spiritual ascendancy extends over the vast countries which lie between the plains of the Missouri and Cape Horn—countries which, a century hence, may not improbably contain a population as large as that which now inhabits Europe. The members of her communion are certainly not fewer than a hundred and fifty millions, and it will be difficult to show that all the other Christian sects united, amount to more than a hundred and twenty millions. Nor do we see any sign which indicates that the term of her long dominion is approaching. She saw the commencement of all the governments, and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before Saxon had set foot on Britain—before the Frank had passed the Rhine—when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch—when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.—*Edinburgh Review.*

The Lion and Giraffe.

The wild beasts to be sure, are lively, entertaining creatures, and we occasionally meet with a pleasant anecdote respecting their adventures. Take the following for example, related by the Rev. Mr. Moffit, Missionary in South America:

'On our route homeward we halted at a spot where a novel scene once occurred, and which was described by an individual who witnessed it when a boy. Near a very small fountain, which was shown to me, stood a camel tree (Acacia Giraffe). It was a stiff tree, about 12 feet high, with a flat, bushy top. Many years ago, the relater, then a boy, was returning to his village, and having turned aside to the fountain for a drink, lay down on the bank and fell asleep. Being awoke by the piercing rays of the sun, he saw, through the bush behind which he lay, a giraffe, browsing at ease on the tender shoots of the tree, and, to his horror, a lion creeping like a cat, only a dozed yards from him. The lion eyed the giraffe for a few moments his body gave a shake into the air to seize the head of the animal, which instantly turned his stately neck, and the lion, missing his grasp, fell on his back in the centre of a mass of thorns, like spikes, and the giraffe bounded over the plain. The boy instantly followed his example, expecting, as a matter of course, that the enraged lion would soon find his way to the earth. Some time afterwards the people of the village, who seldom visited the spot, saw the eagles hovering in the air; and as it is almost always a certain sign that the lion has killed game, or some animal is lying dead, they went to the place and sought in vain, till, coming under the lee of the tree, their olfactory nerves directed them to where the lion lay dead, in his thorny bed. I still found some of his bones under the tree, and hair on its branches, to convicco me of what I scarcely could have credited. The lion will sometimes manage to mount the back of the giraffe, and fixing his sharp claws into each shoulder, gnaw away till he reaches the vertebræ of the neck, when both fall; and oftentimes the lion is lamed for his trouble. If the giraffe happens to be very strong he succeeds in bringing his rider to the ground. Among those that we shot on our journey, the healed wounds of the lion's claws on the shoulder, and the marks of his teeth on the back of his neck, gave us ocular demonstration that two of them had carried the monarch of the forest on their backs, and yet came off triumphant.'

Batanists, or Assassins.

The Assassins were a famous heretical sect of murderers among the Mahometans, who settled in Persia about 1000. Their head and chief seems to have been Hassan Sabbath, who made fanatical slaves of his subjects. Their religion was a compound of that of the Magi, the Jews, the Christians, and the Mahometans. They believed the Holy Ghost resided in their Chief, that his orders proceeded from God himself, and were real declarations of his will.

This chief from his exalted residence upon Mount Lebanon, was called "The Old Man of the Mountains," who like a vindictive deity, with the thunderbolt in his hand, sent inevitable death to all quarters, so that even kings trembled at his sanguinary power.—His subjects would prostrate themselves at the foot of his throne, requesting to die by his hand or order, as a favor by which they were sure of passing into paradise. "Are your subjects," said the Old Man of the Mountain to the son-in-law of Amoury, king of Jerusalem, "as ready in their submission as mine?" and without staying for an answer, made a sign with his hand, when ten young men in white, who were standon an adjacent tower, instantly threw themselves down To one of his guards he said, "Draw your dagger and plunge it into your breast;" which was no sooner said than obeyed. At the command of their chief, they made no difficulty of stabbing any prince, even on his throne; and for that purpose conformed to the dres and religion of that country, that they might be less suspected. To animate them in such attempts, the Schiek previously indulged them with a foretaste of paradise. Delicious soporific drinks were given to them; and while they lay asleep they were carried into beautiful gardens, awakened as it were in paradise, and inflamed with views of perpetual enjoyments, they sallied forth to perform assassinations of the blackest dye.

It is said, they once thought of embracing the Christian religion; and some have thought, the Druses a remnant of this singular race of barbarians.—*Buck' Theological Dictionary.*

Wooden Hams.—These are of Chinese origin, and not as many erroneously suppose of Yankee invention. Le Compte says, "they are so adroitly construsted, that numerous buyers are constantly deceived: and frequently it is not till one is boiled and ready to be eaten that it is discovered to be nothing but a large piece of wood, under a hog's skin."

Cheap Literature.

A few months since I was applied to myself to contribute to a new journal, not exactly gratuitously, but at a very small advance upon nothing—and avowedly because the work had been planned according to that estimate. However, I accepted the terms conditionally, that is to say, provided the principle could be carried out. Accordingly I wrote to my butcher, baker, and other tradesmen, informing them that they should furnish me with the several commodities at a very trifling per centage above cost price. It will be sufficient to quote the answer of the butcher: "Sir—Respectin your note. Cheap literater be blowed. Butchers must live as well as other pepel—and if so be you or the readin public wants to have meat at prime cost, you must buy your own beastesses, and kill 'em yourselves. I remain, &c. John Stokes.—T. Hood.

A Startling Fact.

A valuable statistical work published some years since, states the number who lived upon the earth at about 27,000,000,000,000,000 twenty-seven quadrillions. This sum, he says, when divided by 27,864,000, the number of square miles of land, gives 1,134.522,076 to a square mile—about 1283 to a square rod, and five to a square foot! Suppose a square rod capable of being divided into twelve grave would contain a hundred persons, so that the whole earth has been *one hundred times dug over* to bury its inhabitants, supposing they had been equally distributed. Were the bodies laid upon the surface, they would cover the land to the depth of as many feet. What a rebuke to human pride, vanity and ambition.

Newspapers.

Not fifty years since, a newspaper was rather a rare thing in the agricultural districts in the west England. A friend at our elbow, says the New York Morning Post, states, that in his early days it was no uncommon thing for the curate of a parish to arrive at the church on Sunday morning, an hour before the service commenced, and taking his seat on a tombstone, read aloud to the flock previous to their entering the church.—On one occasion, when both pastor and flock were deeply interested in an article when the sexton told him that the hour for service had arrived; on which the old gentleman, deliberately folding the paper and putting it into his pocket, said "never mind, boys, we'll finish it when we come out of church."

A Touching Ceremony.

A French paper states that a touching religious ceremony "was celebrated at the church of Orvilliers, near Houdan, in the Department of Seine and Oise, on the 15th of September. M. Segoux, a landhold renewed his marriage after fifty years, and presented himself at the church to receive there a second benediction, followed by thirty three children, grand children and great grand children. After the ceremony, each of the members of the family received a present proportioned in its value to his degree of relationship."

To make bread in one's own family far superior to that obtained from the baker, and at a saving of one third the cost, take two spoons full of cream of tartar, and mix dry with one quart of flour; then add three-fourths of a tea spoon full of super-carbonate of soda, mix the whole with sweet milk, and bake immedately. If water be used instead of milk, a little shortning should be added.

92

POPULAR TALES

From the London Literary Gazette.

AN INCIDENT AT BOULOGNE.

The custom which our fashionable Englishmen have of flying to the coast of France, when debts and the like mishaps render their own country somewhat too hot to hold them comfortably, causes Boulogne and other towns forming the chief places of rendezvous on such occasions, to present, for the most part, a strangely assorted society, and to witness, at times, very curious scenes. We do not precisely ask our readers to believe the following romantic story in all its details, though there is nothing very improbable in any part of them.

Sir George Tindal was a young baronet of good English family, who came to Boulogne a few years ago, under rather peculiar circumstances. He had been left very young with command of a good patrimonial estate, but had given way so far to the fashionable follies of the young in high life, as to allow nearly the whole of it to fly away on the turf as fast as race-horses could carry it. He had still good expectations, however. A maternal relative, a merchant in the metropolis, was likely, in the due course of things to leave Sir George his fortune, as his nearest heir.—He was fond of the young man, but had been greatly and perilously alienated by the conduct and reverses of the latter. It was while mediating on this subject that an idea struck the nearly ruined baronet.—'How successful,' thought he, 'my uncle has been by his speculations in the funds! Might not I have a chance that way, also? Might not I cast my poor remnant of means into that lottery, and pull out a prize? I may as well try it: all that I have now is scarcely worth thinking twice about. I shall try at least."

Poor Sir George! He forgot that though some seas may be deep, there are others which cannot be sounded at all; that however deep one may be in the mire, there is is a chance of getting deeper. He *did* venture his all in the stocks. He was successful once and even twice. Getting inspirited by his good fortune, he thought he had but to venture further and win more. Some of the very worst members of the body who speculate in these matters got him into their hands; and knowing well what his expectations were, and where they led him on by a nibble or two until, by a series of ruses, considered not infamous only on such a field of transactions, they at length got him placed under a load of debt which even all his uncle's means would with difficulty lighten. Holding him bound by signatures and bonds, they then waited cooly for his accession to his prospective inheritance, knowing well that the same prospect would keep their victim also within reach of their grasp at any time.

Sir George wandered about town for some months after these mishaps, like a man with a rope around his neck. During that time he had many reasonings with himself on an important point. This point affected his whole prospective fortunes. The young baronet was naturally possessed of good sense; he was well educated, and it may be said that his heart was good, and his intentions fair towards all men, under the usual ordinary circumstances; but his course of life, and the associations he had formed, had relaxed his moral principles. This acquired defect came now into play. The point which he canvassed with himself was, whether or not, after having found distinctly that he had been the dupe of his creditors, his engagements with them were binding upon him. His good sense said yes, for they had acted within the law; his sense of honour said they had his bonds; "but then,' said other internal arguers. "they got these by base means, and they have not lost a shilling by me. The article *experience* was what my folly bought from them at the price of a fair fortune, and with it came no penny out of their pockets. Besides, if I pay these harpies, I shall be beggared." The end of the whole was that the uncle of Sir George died; the young baronet was left heir; and within a few hours almost after being put in possession of his fortune, which was the portable one of an old monied hoarder, the young baronet was on his way with it to Boulogne. The creditors stormed and vowed revenge; but they at first knew not whither he might fly, and there are great difficulties attending the recovery of money from creditors on the continent in any case.

Sir George fixed himself in a small country house near Boulogne. He had been able to carry thither a sufficiency for permanent maintenance—above twenty thousand pounds, nearly the amount of his funded embarrasments, after what he called 'fair debts' were privately settled. He lived for some time in great seclusion, only occasionally appearing in public. The society which he then met was not a character to trouble itself much about what he had done, or was doing, or was about to do, so long as he maintained a fashionable appearance and a gentlemanly deportment. So Sir George led a very quiet and undisturbed existence for a time, always excepting some little twinges from a sense of violated honor, until love the universal busy-body, came in the way to overthrow the runaway's repose. A lady made her appearance in Boulogne, bearing the name and style of the Baroness d'Estival. Report said that she was an English woman by birth, and the widow of a foreign noble; and she was young, beautiful, and reputed rich. Ere long such attractions brought all the danglers of dangling Boulogne into subjection to the baroness; and among the rest, our baronet saw and admired the lady. For a time, however, he was undistinguished by her, nor did he make any marked advances on his own part.—An accident brought round an eclaircissement. By a peculiar piece of awkwardness, as it seemed, on the part of her servant, the caleche of the baroness was nearly overturned near Sir George's door. The young baronet sprung out; and the lady appearing faint and terrified, he intreated her to alight for a few moments. She complied. It was the hour of lunch, and they lunched together. Sir George begged her to view his garden, and walked together. When the lady was at last about to depart, Sir George begged leave to take the reins out of the hands of the awkward servant, and escort her home in person. The result of all was that the baronet became an establishmed visitant of the baroness; and having declared his passion, received an answer which left him much to hope, while at the same time it promised nothing positive.

Sir George could not be long acquainted with the fair baroness without discovering that she had one remarkable and somewhat eccentric taste. She was distractedly fond of angling, a perfect female Walton. She had hired for the season a large yawl, something between a fishing-boat and yacht, and every morning when the weather was good, she rose with the sun to amuse herself off the coast with the rod. 'I cannot comprehend the pleasure you take in this occupation,' said Sir George to her one day. 'It is a charming recreation,' answered she gaily; 'and, besides, my physicians have recommended to me to take as much air and exercise at sea as possible. I argued the taste through this cause. It is sometimes dull, to be sure for the sailors and my servants are no company. But I have been pressed by a certain gallant major, and a certain warlike colonel, to permit them to bear me company, and I think I must really consent some day.' How could a lover forbear to intreat permission to occupy the place of these rival suitors? Sir George could not. He begged and sued; and the fair lady gave her consent that he should accompany her next morning on one of her odd excursions to sea.

The day proved beautiful, and the pair went aboard at sunrise. They sailed, however, far out to sea, and along the coast, ere any desire for fishing was shown by the lady. The water was not favourable, she said at one place, and then she declared that she had no fancy, on this morning, for the exercise. Sir George was rather pleased with this disinclination, which was owing, he flattered himself, to her being absorbed by his own conversation; and she, on her part, seemed only to think of charming him by sweet discourse.—At length a slight shower fell, and the baroness asked her lover to enter a small rude cabin, where a glass of wine and cake were offered to him. Here the pair set hour after hour, the lady enchanting her lover with talk that caused him to forget all but her present self. At length, he pulled out his watch and started up.—'What!' cried he, 'the day is far advanced, and I don't think they have even put about!' The wind too, was blowing nearly direct from the coast. 'Come, madam, if you fish at all to-day, it is surely time to begin.'

The answer startled the poor baronet. "I have angled,' said she quietly; 'and what is more, I have caught my fish.' 'What mean you?' cried Sir George. 'What fish have you caught?' 'Twenty thousand pounds,' answered the lady, with coolness. Sir George grew pale, and stept hurriedly on deck.

'Distraction!' cried he, as soon as he had looked around. 'Put about instantly, pilot; that is Margate! —we are off England!' 'Exactly so, Sir George,' said the lady at his back. He turned round and looked at her. 'Your purpose, then, is to take me"—— 'To London, Sir George,' said the lady, interrupting him with calmness, though a gratified flush was on her cheek. Sir George turned to the sailors. "My purse!' said he; "twenty five louis for you, if you put about for Boulogne!' 'Twenty five louis!" said the lady, disdainfully. 'when twenty thousand pounds are in the other scale!' 'Barbarous, treacherous woman!' cried the infuriated baronet, as he looked around, with an eye that threatened peril to all, if he had but had the means to inflict it; but the baroness gave a signal, and in an instant his arms were pinned to his side by two pair of brawny arms. The baronet struggled, but in vain; a cord was produced, and he was only saved from the ignomy of being bound, by giving his assurance that he would remain in quiet durance in the cabin. It seemed to him that he had nothing for it but submit.

Sir George, reduced to this condition, looked with indignation at his captor. She had checked the sailors for harshness in their usage of him; but otherwise she expressed no visible emotion. 'Betrayed by you!' said the captive. 'you whom I loved so much!' answered Sir George. 'Since you are an adventuress, cruel woman, would not my whole fortune, with my hand, have better paid you than a miserable hire?' The lady spoke not in reply, and Sir George also held a scornful silence from that moment, until he landed in the Thames. He was here put into the hands of

the sailors, and conducted to an hotel, on giving his solemn promise that he would not attempt to escape. Believing all to be lost in any case, he was glad to be relieved from the confinement of a jail, though it might be but till his creditors were warned of his capture

It was night when this landing in the Thames took place. Sir George spent a wretched night, moaning over the fate which his conscience told him was not unmerited. In the morning he drew up an act, briefly giving up all to his creditors. He had scarcely finished this when a visiter was announced. It was his betrayer, the baroness. 'Wretched woman, what seek you?' said he sternly. "Is not *your* task done? I have now to do with others.' 'With none but me,' said the lady in a low voice, and with a timidity of manner most unlike her previous deportment. 'What do you mean, madam?' asked Sir George. 'I am your sole creditor,' said the lady; and she placed in his hands some papers, which he at once saw to be his own redeemed bonds. He looked up in amazement. 'You had a cousin once, Sir George,' said the lady, with her eyes on the floor. 'I had—Anna Fulton,' said Sir George; 'we were playmates in childhood.' 'She went abroad, when a child with her family!' continued the lady. 'She did," said the baronet; 'and I have heard, was married to a very wealthy planter in the island where they settled. It pained me to hear it, for we loved each other even when infants.' 'She wedded against her will,' continued the lady; "for she, too, remembered old days. She is now a widow.' A light had been gradually breaking upon Sir George's mind. He started hastily forward, and took hold of the lady's hand, almost throwing himself at her feet. 'You are'—— 'I am your cousin Anne, said the lady.

It is needless to carry our tale beyond the point when the immagination of the reader can do all that remains to be done. The lady had returned to England a rich widow; had learned the situation and embarrasments of her well remembered cousin; had seen him at Boulogne; had contrived the overturn at his door, and made his acquaintance. She had only thought of the fishing scheme through a spice of romance in her temperament, and that she might get him to England, where she might have his debts paid. They wedded, and lived happily, like all lovers in stories; and we wish all were as true as the present one.

A Cheerful Home.

What there is in kindness! What a thrill of pleasure is gave by kind words from a heart full of the true milk of humanity! Happy the children who have such a father, and blessed the wife with such a husband! But there is no man without his *crusty* moments; the wear and tear of business, irritation consequent upon it, must cometimes give rise to harsh words and harsh conduct, when at home in the domestic circle. Then comes the test of the good wife—the looks of condolence and of affection, the assiduous cares, the cheering words, the smile, the tear of sympathy, and the honest, common sense and unselfish advice. Ah, if we could learn in mind how necessary it is to bear and forbear, how much more *profitable* are the words which turn away wrath than those that annoy and engender quarrels, how many homes that are now the abodes of misery, would be made cheerful and happy.

Miller, the end of the world prophet, is putting up a solid brick wall around his farm, near White Hall A person offered $2000 for the farm, and not to take possession till after 1843; the prudent refused, however, alleging that such an offer, depending, as it does, upon a future event, is nothing more than gambling.

CHARACTER.

ELIHU BURRITT.

The following extract from a private paper, written with no view to publication, from the "learned Blacksmith,' shows the manner in which he made his remarkable attainments, and may be of service to other minds in humble circumstances:

"I was the youngest of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school; and those again were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed A few months after his decease I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society Library—all the historical works in which I had at that time perused. At the expiration of little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of my elder brother, who had himself acquired a collegiate education, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero and a few Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight and a part of the evening to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammer in my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and would go thro' with *tupteo, tupteis, tuptei*, unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in the fire. At evening I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which measured my progress in that language during the evening of another winter. Next to the modern languages and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the modern languages of Europe.

"This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself to the investigations of a few hours, after the arduous labours of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer, and went to New Haven, where I recited to native teachers in French, Spanish, German and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through I commenced the Hebrew, with an ardent desire of examining another field; and by assiduous application I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility that I allotted to myself as a task, two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast in the morning—this, and an hour at noon, being the only time that I could devoted myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the field of oriental literature, and to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books.

"I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and after many plans I concluded to seek a place as some sailor bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have an opportunity of collecting at the different ports such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge and my native place to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find a vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed; and while revolving in my mind what steps to take, I accidentally heard of the American Antiquarian Society, and found here, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern and oriental languages, as I never conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spent about three hours a day in the hall, which with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, made up the portion of the day which I appropriated to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution I have been able to add so much to my acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them with more or less facility."

VARIETY.

To Cure Sheep-skins with the Wool on.

Take a spoonful of alum and two of saltpetre; pulverize and mix well together, then sprinkle the powder on the flesh of the skin and lay the two flesh sides together, leaving the wool outside. Then fold up the skin as tight as you can and hang in a dry place in two or three days, as soon as dry, take down, and scrape with a blunt knife till clean and supple. This completes the process, and makes you a most excellent saddle cover. If when you kill your mutton you treat your skins in this way you can get more for them from the saddlers than you can for the wool and skin seperately disposed of otherwise

N. B.—O her skins which you desire to cure with the fur or hair on, may be treated in the same way.—*S. W. Farmer.*

Drowning a Woman in a Sack.

The barbarous custom of drowning women in sacks is still continued among the Turks. The following is an extract from a letter from Greece to the London Court Journal:—

"I must now tell you a very painful story. Last Sunday fortnight, as I was returning from Therapia, in a boat, (or caiqu,) accompanied by my son and a foreign officer, we were surprised by the boatmen (Turks) suddenly stopping the caique, and desiring us to be silent. It was then about half-past nine o'clock at night, and not very bright; but from the water, and by the rushing of the current, we could easily discover any boat that might approach us. My foreign friend inquired of the boatmen why they stopped the boat? The answer was—"Do you see *that*? they are about drowning a woman.' It appeared that the poor creature had been sewn up in a sack, and as soon as our boat was at a distance, she met with a watery grave. The caique in which she was placed, was rowed by three men, and there were two others sitting in it. Our men well knew what they were about to accomplish. The affair has caused much conversation in the neighborhood. It is said that a young man, a slave in the service of a pasha, whom I happened to know, formed an attachment for the poor young woman a white slave of his harem; that their attachment

was made known to him, and that he immediately dismissed the young fellow from his service. The lover was anxious to regain the favor of his master, and applied to a nobleman at Constantinople to request forgiveness. The nobluman, at the desire of the young man, most humanely wrote to his master.—The letter was presented, and the result was, that the pasha, instead of reinstating him in his service, regarded him sternly, ordered him away, followed him and directed his head to be severed from his body. In the evening, the other tragical affair took place in the Bosphorus."

AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER

Albany, Saturday, November 19 1842.

☞ Subscribers often write to us, that they are unable to send current money in pa ment for their subscriptions. To remove this objection we give notice, that notes on the solvent banks of the neighborhood, will at all times be received at PAR if sent through the post master, who is so uthorised b law

REMOVAL.—The office of the American Masonic Register, has been removed to No. 2 Geen two, doors from State St.

COLT, THE MURDERER.—This unhappy man, was probably executed yesterday, pursuant to his sentence, for the murder of Samuel Adams. Perhaps no case, since the foundation of our government, has excited more attention, or enlisted stronger effort to save a guilty victim from the just retributions of violated law than this. But the even scales of justice have not swerved from their centre—the supremacy of the law has been vindicated, the powerful efforts of influential counsel and friends, has been of no avail; and we trust, that forever, hereafter, the fiat will have gone forth, that certain expiation must follow the commission of crime. Without it, our laws are utterly valueless, and the wholesome citizen can have no safety, no protection, nor confidence in the stability of our boasted institutions.

The course taken by Gov. Seward, in this case, is deserving of every praise. Although importuned, even to annoyance, he has taken just such a view of the facts, as a wise and discriminating Chief Magistrate, should do; and his consolation in the discharge of a painful and distressing duty, will be found in the almost entire response of that intelligent portion of the community, who revere the laws of the land, and the Magistrate who dares to execute them firmly without favour or affection. Whatever may be our views of Gov. S. politically, we are free to say, that his expositions in the cases of Leddings, Rathbun and Colt, deserve to be written in enduring brass, for the guidance of those who come after him. He, to whom the sword of state is entrusted, is unworthy of his high station, when he suffers a mawkish or morbid sensibility to turn aside its point. He sits on his seat, a Brutus, to execute the judgment of violated law. Mercy does not belong to him, when it conflicts with the ends of justice. Mistaken clemency is an emolient, it is true, to the individual, but its influence is a deep and festering sore, to the body of community. We firmly believe, that the sooner the depravity of the age is made to *feel*, that money nor influence, can save the felon, the sooner the lives and property of our citizens will be respected, and hence a decrease of the monstrous crimes, now so prevalent through the land.

Mister JOHN SMITH.—This gentleman is a queer fellow—a perfect lion, both for good and evil. Some time ago, Mister John, being moved and instigated more by his love of filthy lucre, than the possession of "lovely woman," courted and married Mrs. Mc Donough, a widow lady, of this city, said to have a few hundred dollars, the result of untiring industry. After the knot had been tied, Mrs. John Smith, began to find the lord of her affections, was possessed of many excentricities to her totally inexplicable—one of which was a continual use of his pantaloons, both night and day. Mrs. John Smith was a spirited woman, and according to her own statement before the police, she was determined to have the point settled, whether she was a wife, or a "poor lone widow woman." She accordingly stated her suspicions to a neighbor, who taking a suitable opportunity, overhauled Mister John rather roughly, when the awful fact was disclosed, that mister John might make his lady a very kind mother or sister, but a very *bad* husband: or in other words, mister John had a *natural* claim to his lady's frock, &c., but none to the pants. For this offence Mister John was taken before Justice Osborn, but was finally discharged; Drs. Coke and Blackstone not having any commentaries on so singular a case.

This woman has for the last two two or three years, followed the occupation of a travelling tinker, about our streets, picking up a precarious subsistence by mending old tin ware. No one knows who she is; nor can any other motive be ascribed for her singular marriage, than a desire to become possessed of the little property of the now "lone widow."

MERIT REWARDED.—Dr. Sherman, in on of his puffs, in the N. Y. Sun, says that he sent a package of his lozenges (such as "children cry for") to the Sultan of Muscat, who in return, sent him a "bag of the finest Mocha Coffee." Lest our townsman, Leavitt, "the original inventor of corn candy," should try his luck with the Sultan, we would just observe, that the "Mocha coffee," and the "*autograph* of the Sultan," are twin humbugs. There appears to be a strife between Sherman, Pease, Brandreth, and Miller, who can gull the most. We go for Miller, because he addresses the mind, rather than the *stomach* and only require a tax of penny collections.

Dickens' new work, 'American Notes for General Circulation,' has made its appearance. The London papers commend it highly, and profess to think it will satisfy the Americans: but if the extracts they make from it are fair Specimens, Dickens must be set down as a superficial observer, and not a comprehensive thinker.

An American gentleman while smoking in the street of Havana at midnight, was stopped by another cigar smoker and asked for a light. The Habanero was long igniting his Principe, and inhaled his breath till the two cigars' ends gleamed fiercly, while by the ruddy light each surveyed the other's face. 'Pass on,' said the Habanero, your cigar has saved your life—you are not the man I took you for.' [What will Nuncle Colesworthy say to this.]

☞ The following toast was given at a recent temperance dinner:

"*Revolutionary Army and the Cold Water, Army*—The one drove the *red coats* from the land—the other the *red noses!!*—*Old Dominion.*

The ladies of rank in Persia keep handsome little Turkish pages to kiss them. None, however, are tolerated in the office who are over 10 years old. The lord of the manor takes care of that.

THE ELECTION.—Col. Bouck's (dem.) majority over Mr. Bradish (whig,) is said to be 21,411.

Interesting facts in Physiology.

We find the following statements in the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. They are given on high authority—may be confirmed by observation, and need no comment. The writer asserts:

1st. That the longevity of the pure Africans is greater than any other portion of the globe.

2nd. That Mulatoes, i. e. those born of parents one being African and the other Caucasian or white, are decidedly the shortest lived of any class of the human race.

3d. That Mulattoes are no more liable to die under the age of 25, than the whites or blacks; but from 25 to 40, their deaths are as ten to one of either the whites or blacks between those ages—from 40 to 55, 50 to 1—and from 55 to 60, 100 to 1.

4th. That the mortality of the free people of color, in the United States, is more than 100 per cent greater than that of the slaves.

5th. That those of unmixed African extraction in the 'free states,' are not more liable to sickness or premature death than the whites of their rank and condition in society; but that the striking mortality so manifest among the free people of color, is in every community and section of the country invariably confined to the mulatoes.

Burning of the Steamboat Maid of Arkansas.

The fine and well known steamer, Maid of Arkansas Capt. Mitchell, engaged in the trade between Vicksburg and New Orleans, was discovered to be on fire on the morning of the 3d inst., some two or three miles above Carrollton. The fire originated beneath the clerks office and spread with such rapiditp as to render ineffectual all attempts to extinguish it. The boat was consumed to the water's edge, together with 1150 bales of cotton. The crew and passengers had barely time to escape, so quickly was the boat enveloped in flames. The loss is estimated at 40,000.

Fatal Accident.

On Friday afternoon last Mr Geo. Schissler, of Tonawanda, accompanied by Wm, Sweeny, Esq. took his rifle and went squirrel shooting. While in the woods Mr. S., being a short distance from his companion, heard the cry of distress. He ran to the place, from which the cry proceeded, and found Schissler lying on the ground and his unloaded gun beside him.—Within five minutes after the discharge of the gun he was dead. He has left a wife and three children.

It seems that the deceased was uncommonly imprudent in the use of fire arms; having within a short time, four times accidentally discharged the same gun and the hat he had on at the time of his death, had a ball hole through the brim within an inch of his head from that cause. The rifle had what is called a set lock; an invention intended to guard against accidents but which is said by sportsmen, the cause of many.—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

Horrible Outrage.

In the Ruinosas (Iowa) Gazette we find the most extraordinary and cruel relation of circumstances that we believe ever went in type. An old man lived alone and had forbidden a daughter, who lived near, and her husband, or even their children, ever to approach his place, on account merely of some whimsical pique that the old wretch had taken against his child. One morning the inhuman being found his grandchild, under three years of age, climbing upon his garden rail, and he deliberately went for his rifle and shot the boy dead. The victim fell inside of the fence. The old man reloaded and sat watching. Not long after, the mother came seeking her child, and the minute she touched her father's garden rail, as she did with a shriek the instant she perceived her dead child, the old brute shot her in the temple, and killed her stone dead on the spot. The hoary maniac (as he is now accounted) shot the father also when he came, and he is now in prison to answer for the three murders.

A Singular Circumstance took place in Fish-lake township, Me., last week. The facts are given by the Portland American as follows: A married female, beyond the meridian of life, whose name is Ann Wrath, had been ill for some time, and on Thursday, the 4th ult., her friends and family assembled around her, took their last mournful farewell. She appeared to expire about five o'clock that afternoon. The ceremonies of laying out the dead were duly performed, the bandages were placed beneath her chin to her head, and every preparation was made for the solemn rites of the burial ground. The sexton tolled his bell but at half past eight o'clock, some minutes before his work was accomplished, she reared her head in astonishment, and was amazed to find that she was able to partake of the refreshments for her funeral!

Presence of Mind in Woman.—The Hartford Courant relates the following expedient by which Mrs. Clark, formerly Miss Perkins of Norwich, Conn. saved her life and that of her two daughters—being on board the steam-boat Vermillion lately burnt on Lake Huron. Her daughters were one six and the other twelve years of age. "They were at the stern of the boat, and finding no other way of escape, she dropped them into the water, giving them directions to seize hold of a chain as they rose which she pointed out, and which was attached to the boat.—Seeing them successful, she jumped into the water herself, and they all three kept hold of the chain until assistance came to their relief.'—*Buffalo Advertiser.*

The Greenville (S. C.) Mountaineer is informed by a gentleman from Spartansburgh, that a most awful scene was enacted in that place on the Tuesday night preceeding. A drunken man by the name of John Davis, 70 years of age, stabbed six men with a knife, two of whom, T. J. Linder, Esq., and Mr. Samuel Brawley, were killed. The sufferers had not interfered with Davis in any manner, but some one had molested him, when he arose from the bed in which he was lying, (it being 11 or 12 o'clock at night,) and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Davis was secured.

A diamond of the first water is said to have been found lately in its native state, on the farm of Dr. Frimer, in Orange county, Va. It weighs half and upwards of an eighth of a carat."

CLIPPINGS.

At Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, there is a fire engine, which was built in London, during the reign of William and Mary, in the year 1698. This engine was shipped from London with the colonists in 1742, and yet exists such as it was received, with the exception of some common blue paint which had been put on lately.

Jerome Nopoleon Bonaparte, son of Jerome Bonaparte, formerly King of Westphalia and brother of Napoleon, is chairman of a committee of an agricultural society in Maryland, to award premiums for the best show of horses, &c.

An extraordinary dividend was made last week by the Farmington Canal Company, Connecticut. They mowed the tow-path and divided the hay. It is the first dividend they have made.

The abolitionists polled between ten and twelve thousand votes last week in this State. This is a much greatar number than was anticipated by them, or any one else, and would, on most occasions, constitute a balance of power between the two great parties. On this occasion, however, it could have no effect.

Peyton R. Sides was under trial in Baltimore, on Saturday, on a charge of having robbed the mail on the National Road, between Uniontown, Pa., and Cumberland, Md., about the 27th of February, 1842, of Treasury and other notes, to the amount of $70,000.

During the 48 hours preceding last Thursday noon, there arrived at Buffalo 166,767 bushels and 269 barrels wheat, 46,548 barrels flour, 1267 lbs butter, and 4947 kegs of cheese.

The Westchester (Pa.) Railroad Company, have recently been suffering some for a serious accident that occurred on their road some time since. Last week John Stiles obtained against them a verdict for $3,448 for having two of his ribs broken by the accident. They had previously paid a verdict of $3,500 to John Evans and other passengers for injuries received on the same occasion.

The Vemillion's Mails Destroyed.—We are requested by the Postmaster of this city to state that the Eastern and Southern mail made up at this office on Saturday, the 5th inst., was entirely destroyed by the burning of the steambont Vermillion at Huron.—The mail contained all matter deposited in the office between 3 o'clock P. M. of the 4th, and 3 P. M. of the 5th, and all matter going east or south which reached here by the Northern mail of the 4th, and the Western mail of the 5th.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A lady well known in Philadelphia, and married to a captain of no small notoriety, eloped about two weeks ago from her husband, with a young artist—a very young one—carrying with her over one thousand dollars' worth of silver plate, wearing apparel jewelry, &c. The affair is still creating quite an excitement in Philadelphia. The artist's brother has been arrested as an accessary; but no clue can be had to the whereabouts of the loving culprits.

It is ascertained that four persons perished with the steamboat Vermillion, burnt on Lake Erie last Sunday morning—to wit: Alexander Robinson, captain of the schooner Ohio, and wife; Mrs. Charles Hoskins, of Kingston, Canada, and the cabin maid.

It is stated with confidence in the Courrier des Etats Unis, upon the faith of recent private letters from Paris, that the French and English governments have determined to unite in offering their mediation between Mexico for the Independence of Texas, and of consolidating peace between them.

Grace Darling.—This heroic and interesting female expired at Bramburg, on the 20th ult. in her 25th year. She had been in a delicate state os health for a considerable time past.

The Madisonian of Tuesday says: 'M. Pageot was yesterday presented to the President of the U. States, by the Secretary of State, in character of Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of the French at Washington, during the absence of M. de Bacourt.

MARRIED.

On the 8th inst., by Rev. Dr. Levings, Mr. Samuel S Vanderlip to Miss Sarah M. Hawkins, all of Troy.

On the 15th instant, by Rev. H. Starks, Mr Adams Winne, to Miss Phebe Hermans, both of this city.

On the 16th inst., by Rev. H. L. Starks, Mr. George Riges, of New York, to Miss Mary Antioette, youngest daughter of Charles Conkling, esq., of this city.

DIED.

In Tennesse, on the 10th Oct. after a lingering illness Mr. R. Lawrence, aged 42 years. His remains were carried to his last home, by his Masonic Brethren.

At Troy on Tuesday morning, the 8th inst., after a few hours' illness. Eliza Gardiner Cox, wife of the Rev. Richard Cox, Rector of St. John's Church, Troy, aged 37 years.

At Rochester, on the 13th inst., Dr. John D. Henry aged 50 years.

AUTHORISED AGENTS.

The following Brethren have kindly offered to act as Agents, for the American Masonic Register. They are duly authorised to receive subscriptions and monies on its account

James Shaw 117 Houston N York
Joel D. Smith Castleton
James Teft Coeymans
Stephen T. Leggett Troy
S. D. Smith Lansingburgh
Joseph Blackburn Poughkeepsie
John S. Weed West Greenfield
Ebenezer Mix Batavia
Blanchard Powers Cowlesville
Myron L. Burrell Lockport
C R Vary Perodino
E W Northrop Le Roy
Samuel Graves Auburn
A P Pfister Tuscaloosa, Alabama
Charles Steinagel Cincinnatti, Ohio
Wm D Johnson, Lagrange, Tenn.
Sanders Shanks Shelbyville Ky
T P Shaffner Cumberland, Md
K Biggs Williamston N C
C S Curtis Jackson, Miss
J. Collner Vicksburg
Col Jonathan Berry Mich Adrian
Isaac F Fletcher Choes
C H Saunders Greensboro Miss
S. C. Newton, Cleve and O
Isaac Cromie Louisville Ky
A C Smith Mount Clemens Mich
J H Lawrence Memphis Tenn
Cornelius Cutler Mobile
Wm H Turner Savannah
A C Davis Portsmouth Ohio
A S Pfister Columbus Miss
Jacob Nichols Wellsburgh Va
Richard B Dallam St Louis Mo
H Colman Liberty Mo
George Fisher Houston Texas
O Hughes Paris Ky
Dr J A Whetstone Washington Ala
Lewis S Deleplain Wheeling Va
Rev Peyton F Smith, Monticello
M M Laughin Steubenville, Ohio
Joseph Cable, Carrollton Ohio
E B Shaw Hudson
E C M'Cormick Greenup Co Ky.
Geo A Wilson Holl Springs Miss.
J H Stirman Fayetteville Ark
W H Roberts Milton Ala
Dr Aller Spreare little Rock Ark
Thos L Landenberger Tallanassee
Wm Wade Moravia N Y

BOOK BINDING.—HARVEY H. CORNING, (late firm of Corning & Cook) would take this opportunity to return his sincere thanks to the friends of the late firm and the public generally for their patronage, and would solicit a continuance of the same.

Book-Binding in all its various branches, neatly and expeditiously executed; Law and Music Books, Periodicals and Miscellaneous works bound in all the variety of styles, and on the most reasonable terms.

N. B. Library Books neatly bound. 3cply

MASONIC APRONS, of the Degree of Arch or Master, elegantly engraved and printed on Satin, as well as Diplomas, can be had on application to the editor of this paper. Masons from a distance, requiring any of the above articles, can have them carefully packed up, to the care of any mercantile house in New York.

POETRY.

AUTUMN.

BY J. . . DOW

Along the hills—across the vales
The Autumn wind in sadness wails;
The forest waves 'neath cloudless skies
Its leaves of many-tinted dies;
And high upon the beached tree
The chattering squirrel feasts in glee.

The patridge 'mid the thicket's gloom,
Where the old oak tree found its tomb,
Beats her proud bosom with her wing,
And bids the drum of nature ring;
While down the distant woodland way
In fife-like cadence screams the jay.

Where the shy pigeon hides her brood,
The wary hunter parts the wood;
And oft the fatal sound is heard—
The death-shot of some gallant bird—
Whose wing an equal never knew,
Whose love ne'er met a love so true.

Deep where the silver sea-gar flings
The bright wave from her tiny wings,
The spotted perch now loves to rove
Amid the moss-waves' mystic grove,
And chase the angler's guarded hook
Through many a deep and hallowed nook.

The fields are brown, and homeward borne
By the tall reapers, is the corn.
When barns with nature's gifts are prest,
Cold winter comes, a welcome guest,
For round the reaper's blazing hearth
Shall congregate the joys of earth.

Pale ague, tottering with her chills,
Meets the consumption on the hills,
And there, where summer's glories fade,
And graves for falling leaves are made,
Sees in the maple's leaf below
Her sister's cheek of crimson glow.

Night comes, and the old forest sighs.
For her departed melodies;
Her summer robe has waxen old,
Her shrunken branches shake with cold;
Her offspring one by one depart,
And leave her with a frozen heart.

THE RETORT.

Old Birch, who taught a village school
Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
He was stubborn as a mule,
And she was playful as a rabbit.
Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
Before her husband sought to make her
The pink of country-polished life,
And prim and formal as a quaker.

One day the tutor went abroad,
And simple Kitty sadly miss'd him;
When he returned, behind her lord
She slyly stole and fondly kissed him!
The husband's anger rose!—and red
And white his face alternate grew!
"Less freedom, ma'am!—Kate sighed and said,
"*Oh dear! I didnt know it was you.*"

From Blackwood for October.

HOPE.

BY SCHILLER.

We speak with the lip, and we dream in the soul,
Of some better and fairer day;
And our days, the meanwhile, to that golden goal
Are gliding and sliding away.
Now the world becomes old, now again it is young,
But "*The better's*" forever the word on the tongue.

At the threshold of life Hope leads us in—
Hope plays round the mirthful boy;
Though the best of its charms may with youth begin,
Yet for age it reserves its toy.
When we sink at the grave, why, the grave has scope,
And over the coffin Man planteth—HOPE!

And it is not a dream of a fancy proud,
With a Fool for its dull begetter;
There's a voice at the heart that proclaims aloud—
"*Ye were born to possess the Better!*"
And that voice of the Heart, O ye may believe,
Will never the Hope of the Soul deceive!

From the New Bedford Bulletin.

THE VOICE OF HOME.

I love earth's bright and primrose paths,
Her lawns and bloomy trees,
The warblers in the summer woods,
The music in the breeze—
But dearer yet the happy hearth,
The sounds that from it come—
The voices of my childhood dear,
The voices of my home.

What pleasant dreams at night will come
'Mid scenes of lovely hue—
Where stoop those angel forms to bless—
We wake and wish them true;
But sweeter and more gentle forms
Do not in visions come,
Than those which smile and welcome us
Around the hearth at home.

How many happy faces flit
Before us in the crowd:
We know their faintest wishes well
'Mid thousand voices loud—
A tie still binds our hearts to theirs
When far away we roam,
But oh! we're bound by dearer ties
To those we love at home.

The weary frame may seek relief,
In fairest climes of earth,
But one is dearer than them all—
The spot that gave us birth,
The voices to our hearts so dear
We hear where'er we roam—
How rush the feelings at the sound,
The magic sound, of home!

The beauties of Italian skies
May win upon the soul,
The sea in dread magnificence
Before the eye may roll—
But oh, while gazing on them all,
A sweeter thought will come—
The beauty of the sky that blends,
The stream we love AT HOME.

And maidens gay and beautiful
On the sunny shores of France—
And Spain's proud daughters may to us
Seem visions of romance—
But dearer yet New England's Hills—
Her bright eyed ones more fair—
I see their well known forms arise—

My own sweet home is there!
The father sits beside his hearth,
His child upon his knee—
And dearer yet than all the rest,
The mother's smile we see;
And sister's forms, so gentle, kind,
Upon the fancy come—
Oh, where are those so dear to us
As those we leave at home.

TO OUR MASONIC BRETHREN.

To any Brother or Companion who will aid us in the circulation of the present volume of the Register, we offer the following liberal inducements for his trouble. For FIFTEEN subscribers obtained, and the money forwarded, we will give an elegant R. A. or Master's Apron, engraved on copper, and printed on the best of satin, properly trimmed, together with a large and handsomely engraved R. Arch and Master's Diploma, suitable for framing, and the Register free for one year. For TEN subscribers, the Apron and Register one year. For FIVE subscribers, the two Diplomas, or the Register, as may be desired. For 3 subscribers, an Arch or Master's Diploma.—The articles will be packed up safely, and can be forwarded at but little cost, by Harnden's Express, to any house in New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore or Washington, south. West, any prominent place between this and Buffalo—from hence, to all intermediate ports to Chicago. North, from Kingston to Toronto, U. C.

Back Nos. of the volume will always be supplied.

Post Masters are authorised to forward subscriptions free of stage.t. Albany, Sep

CALENDAR OF COMMUNICATIONS

EACH MONTH.

NAME.	PLACE.	TIME.
Temple Encampment,	Albany	2d Wednesday
Temple R. A. Chapter,	Albany	2d & 4th Tuesday
Mount Vernon Lodge	Albany	1st & 3d Thursday.
Temple Lodge.	Albany	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Washington Lodge.	Albany	2nd and 4th Thursday
Apollo Lodge	Troy	1st & 3d Tuesday.
Apollo Chapter.	Troy	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Apollo Encampment,	Troy	3d Monday.
Evening Star Lodge,	West Troy	2nd & 4th Wednesday
Phoenix Lodge,	Lansingburg	1st & 3d Thursday.
Olive Branch	Bethany Genesee Co.	1st Wednesday.
Genesee Encampment.	Lockport Niagara.	2nd Thursday
Ohio Lodge. No 101,	Wheeling Va	1st Monday.
Wheeling Chapter. 19,	" "	2d Thursday.
Wheeling Encampment	"	1st Saturday.
Washington Council,	"	3d Monday ev'ry month.
Utica Lodge. 47,	Utica,	last Thursday.
Oneida Chapter. 57.	"	1st Thursday.
Utica Encampment,	"	3d Tuesday.
Mount Moriah.	Louisville, Ky	1st & 3d Monday
Louisville Encampment	do	4th Saturday.
King Solomon's chapter	do	3d Monday
Tyrian Council	do	4th Tuesday
Abrams Lodge	do	2d & 4th Thursday
Clark Lodge	do	1st and 3d Thursday
Lodge of Antiquity	do	1st Saturday
Washington Chapter,	Memphis Tenn	4th Monday
Memphis Lodge,	do	2d Tuesday.
Georgia Chapter	Savannah Geo	2d & 4th Tuesday.
Solomon Lodge	do	1st & 3d Thursday
Zerubbabel Lodge	do	2d and 4th Thursday
Oglethorpe Lodge	do	1st and 3d Monday
Shelbyville Chapter	Shelbyville Ky	1st Monday
Solomon's Lodge.	do	2d Monday.
Lafayette Chapter No 11	La Grange	3d Monday
La Grange Lodge No 81	do	2nd Monday
Hudson Lodge	Hudson	1st Monday
Hudson Chapter	do	2nd Tuesday
Hudson Encampment	do	1st Friday

THE AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER.

Is Published every Saturday, by L. G. HOFFMAN,

No. 2 Green-street, two doors South of State.

THE TERMS OF THIS PAPER are Two Dollars in advance, free of postage to those subscribers residing out of the city. No paper can be sent unless the money accompanies the order except it be through an authorised Agent. Where eastern funds cannot be obtained, we will receive the notes of solvent banks in the neighborhood at par. ☞ Postmasters are authorised by law to remit money to pay out for newspapers free from postage which will be done if they are applied to for that purpose. Back Numbers at all times furnished.